

THE  
LADY'S  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

NOVEMBER, 1811.

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.

SO generally are the arts now cultivated and appreciated in this country, that the life of a professional lady, who flourished many years since, before the facilities of painting which we now possess were invented, cannot, we conceive, but be interesting to her own sex. At the period in which she flourished, nay even a few years ago, if a young lady betrayed the smallest predilection for the pencil—could she pourtray any thing which had even the most remote resemblance to nature, she was allowed to be a genius—she was cried up in the circle in which she moved as a prodigy.

What then must be the idea of those friends of her, whom we are now about to introduce to our readers, who, above a century ago, was considered as the most accomplished of her sex, and whom Dryden was proud in complimenting, not only for her personal, but her intellectual endowments. 'Tis true, she might owe something to that beauty which, it is said, she possessed in an eminent degree, and which would plead for her, even if her fame as a belle esprit, did not merit eulogy. But the annexed portrait, engraved from her own painting, can leave no doubt of her capability as an artist, which propensity she

shewed early in her childhood, and in this character we are most anxious to introduce her to our fair readers.

Mrs. Anne Killigrew was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, who wrote sermons and plays. He was master of the Savoy, and one of the prebendaries of Westminster. His two brothers were celebrated in the merry reign of Charles II. for their poetic genius. She was born in St. Martin's Lane, a little before the restoration, in 1660.

Her family was remarkable for its loyalty; and she was maid of honour to the Duchess of York. She seemed to rival her relations in accomplishments and wit, to which she added sweetness of temper, and was indeed one of their greatest ornaments.

Anthony Wood says, "she was a grace for beauty, and a muse for wit;" and Dryden has celebrated her genius for painting and poetry in a very long ode, in which the stream of his numbers has hurried along with it all that his luxuriant fancy produced in his way. It is an harmonious hyperbole, composed of the fall of Adam, Arethusa, Vestal Virgins, Diana, Cupid, Noah's Ark, the Pleiades, the valley of Jehosephat, and the last assizes. Yet Anthony Wood says, "there is nothing spoken of her which she is not equal to, if not superior;" and his proof is as wise as his assertion, for, says he, "if there had not been more true history in her praises than compliment, her father would never have suffered them to go to the press."

Her poems were published after her decease, in a thin quarto, with a print of her taken from a portrait drawn by herself; which, with the leave of the authors I have quoted, "I conceive," says Walpole, "is in a much better manner than her poetry." It is in the style of Sir Peter Lely. She drew the pictures of James II. and of her mistress, Mary of Modena; some pieces of still life, and of history. Three of the latter she has recorded in her own poems—St. John in the Wilderness; Herodias, with the head of that Saint, and two of Diana's Nymphs.

At Admiral Killigrew's sale, in 1727, were the following

pieces by her hand—Venus and Adonis; a Satyr playing on a Pipe; Judith and Holofernes; a Woman's Head; the Graces dressing Venus; and her own Portrait. These pictures, says Vertue, I saw, but can say little.

She died of the small-pox, in 1685, universally regretted, as Mrs. Killigrew, in the twenty-fifth year only of her age; and was buried in the chapel of the Savoy, where a monument is erected to her memory, and a Latin epitaph, which, with the translation, may be seen prefixed to her Poems, and in Ballard's *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, p. 340.

Dryden's Ode to the pious memory of the accomplished young lady, Mrs. Anne Killigrew, excellent in the two sister arts of poesy and painting, 1685.

“ Now all those charms, that blooming grace  
The well proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,  
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes,  
In earth the much lamented virgin lies;  
Not wit, not piety could fate prevent,  
Nor was the cruel destiny content,  
To finish all the murder at a blow,  
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;  
But like a harden'd felon took a pride,  
To work most mischeivously slow,  
And plunder'd first and then destroy'd.  
O! double sacrilege, on things divine,  
To rob the relict and deface the shrine.

Bromley's catalogue mentions three portraits of her. The portrait of her by Chambers, in Lord Orford, is a disgrace to the work.

C.

## AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY,

AS

RELATED BY HERSELF;

*And addressed to the Editor of the Lady's Museum.*

" Of slippery state of things. What sudden turns,  
 What strage vicissitudes in the first leaf  
 Of man's sad history. To-day most happy,  
 And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.  
 How scant the space between these vast extremes."

*Blair's Grave.*

SIR,

IN the little narrative I am now about to present for your perusal, there is nought to excite astonishment, or "rouse the wild emotions of the heart." It is merely an "unvarnished tale," calculated to shew the uncertainty of human events, and prove, that not even the most steady practice of virtue, nor the best concerted schemes, are always rewarded by the attainment of our wishes. Our views, however, are not confined within this narrow state of existence. A merciful Creator has granted us the power of looking beyond this sublunary world; and taught us, while enjoying conscious rectitude of heart and mind, to view, according to their real worth, the

" Glitt'ring vanities of empty greatness,  
 The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life."

Though little infected with the pride of birth, a disorder, said to have been once very prevalent amongst the natives of North Britain (to which portion of the United Kingdom I have the honour to belong,) I will not omit to tell you, our family was one of the most respectable in Scotland, and had invariably preserved its good name,



and its independent possessions together, during several succeeding generations. My father was twice married, and had children by each of his wives. Those by the first, were one son, and a daughter, who died at an early age. By the second, my brother and myself. As our father's eldest son was sixteen years the senior of my brother, he was married, and in possession of the paternal property, when Archibald was placed at the High School of Edinburgh, and myself at the most respectable seminary of private education our metropolis then afforded.

Our brother was the guardian of our persons and fortunes; and as Archibald was inclined to study physic as his future profession, he was, at a proper age, entered at the university, and in due time commenced his practice in the northern capital, with the fairest prospects of celebrity and success. With a heart full of sensibility, generosity, and benevolence, his disposition was as amiable as his manners were engaging, and his understanding superior. His feelings were lively, his nature ardent, and his temper hasty: but good sense and sound principles directed all his actions; and though he joined in the amusements of the world, with all the animation which renders youth interesting, his mind was far above the frivolous pursuits of the giddy, as it resisted the allurements of pleasure, when they tended to the subversion of virtue and religion, or in any manner served to debase the moral character.

At the age of eighteen I returned from school, to the seat of my ancestors, where it was purposed I should remain while under age, or continued in a single state. My fortune was not large; but it was what in those days was accounted very respectable, as Archibald and myself jointly inherited the portion of our deceased mother, and the provision attached for our father's younger children. Our brother had no family; for though his wife had borne several children, they partook too largely of the delicacy of her own constitution, to remain long inhabitants of this earth. She was a woman of a truly amiable disposition

and agreeable manners; but her usually indifferent state of health prevented her mixing much in society; while the nature of her complaints often pressed so severely on her spirits, that she would pass whole days in her chamber, attended only by her husband, who appeared sincerely attached to her, and to anticipate their approaching separation with the liveliest regret and apprehension.

From the great disparity in our ages, and his having always appeared to consider me in the light of a child, I did not enjoy the same confidence with my elder brother, nor feel for him the same strong affection, as linked me in the bonds of tenderest amity with Archibald, who was only four years older than myself, and from whom I had never been a day separated, until his removal to Edinburgh, where I had still frequent opportunities of seeing him, and strengthening that friendship and similarity of ideas, taste, and inclination, which led us ever to participate in each others joys and sorrows, and created the most tender affections that ever glowed in the bosoms of a brother and sister.

Though residing at a considerable distance from Edinburgh, I yet enjoyed the frequent pleasure of my beloved brother's company, as there was a magnet in our house, which drew him often thither, in the person of a ward of our elder brother; a young lady nearly related to both our parents, and possessing in her own right, a handsome independence, of which her guardian only nominally charged himself with regulating, until her attainment of the age of twenty-four; at which period by the will of her deceased parents, she was to become sole mistress of herself, and ample fortune.

Placed in a situation which could scarcely fail of creating habits of friendship and familiarity My brother and Miss M'Donald's mutual affection might be said, to have grown with their growth. Their attachment was not sought to be concealed from the friends of either; who, as they advanced in life, concluded the matter would only ter-

minate in a matrimonial engagement. Her father had been the early friend, as well as relative of ours, and sought the road to fortune in the company's service in India, whence he returned to his native land in possession of a comfortable independence, ere years and a broken constitution precluded the possibility of his enjoying it. Having a small patrimonial estate in our neighbourhood, he repaired its ancient mansion-house, and marrying a lady of genteel connections, experienced, for several years, the sweets of independence and domestic peace. At his death, which happened when his daughter was only nine years of age, he bequeathed her the bulk of his fortune; and her mother being then dead, he consigned her to the guardianship of my elder brother, of whom he entertained a high opinion, and who, he trusted (as he expressed himself upon his death-bed) "would in all respects perform the part of a parent to his beloved Charlotte."

Soon after my return to the country, I renewed a childish attachment with a young officer, of the name of Hamilton, a relation of our family, and the intimate friend of my brother Archibald. He was the only son of a gentleman of easy fortune, who approved his choice; and at the expiration of the third year after my return home, I became the happy wife of the worthiest of mankind. As my husband's regiment was then quartered at Musselburgh, whither I accompanied him, I had frequent opportunities of seeing my brother, and the happiness of witnessing the cordiality and confidence which subsisted betwixt the two beings, most dear to my affection. This was a period to which I often cast a retrospective view, with mingled sensations of delight and sorrow. But, alas! it was not destined to remain of long duration; "'twas happiness too exquisite to last," and only served to prove the instability of all our worldly felicities, while the memory of the days that are gone yet show me, that

"Of joys departed never to return  
How painful the remembrance."

At the end of seven months our regiment was ordered to Ireland, and Archibald accompanied us nearly to Port-Patrick, where we were to cross the channel that divides the kingdoms. He was then in excellent spirits; in the full vigour of life and manly beauty. Fortune smiled upon his present days, and gilded all his opening prospects. His fondly beloved Charlotte had passed the last three months with me; and her affections appeared as sincere as that of her lover. She was beautiful, accomplished, and possessed of the most fascinating manners. Her temper was agreeable, and her vivacity no less so. Admired and followed wherever she appeared, her beauty and fortune drew numberless suitors in her train; but neither admiration nor flattery appeared to move her affection, nor afford the slightest ground for a doubt of her constancy.

On my leaving the vicinity of Edinburgh, she returned to her guardian's, where she still continued to reside, even after the decease of my sister-in-law, who died in less than a year after my departure from Scotland, and the charge of my brother's domestic concerns were entrusted to an elderly maiden aunt of his, by the mother's side, whose age and decorous behaviour rendered her a sufficient protectress for Miss M'Donald.

This lady, who had nearly reached her grand climacteric, was a woman of an ambitious, proud, artful, and avaricious disposition; whose high opinion of her own talents, and knowledge of the world, could only be equalled by her whims and caprices, and her absurd fondness for her nephew, whose very foibles she extolled as virtues, and on whom she might, in fact, be said to doat with romantic enthusiasm. At her follies and ridiculousness Charlotte had used to enjoy many a hearty laugh; and her opinion of this woman ever appeared to be the very reverse of favourable. But wonderful are the changes we often find arise in the minds of mortals; and Charlotte soon displayed a striking proof of the versatility of hers, by seeming to behold the person in question, through a very different



medium. And shortly after her becoming the ostensible directress of my brother's household, she wrote me in such terms of praise of Mrs. Betty's temper, disposition, and understanding, that I was astonished at the change; and imagining it was only meant in irony, I replied to her letter with the frankness natural to my disposition, and gave my candid opinion of the character of the lady. This produced another volume of commendations, intermingled with some oblique reflections on the severity and injustice of my observations; but as I did not consider the subject of sufficient importance to dispute upon, I suffered it to drop, and heard, for some time afterwards, little to remind me such a being was in existence. From my dear brother I often heard during the twelve-months which succeeded our leaving Scotland, and his affection for Charlotte seemed even more than ever ardent and sincere. Love drew the outline of the picture, and a lively imagination completed it with the most vivid colouring; but who can fix the point of happiness, or say

"To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,  
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe  
Diffuse a brighter ray."

Poor Archibald had hitherto basked in the sunshine of prosperity; but the sad reverse was drawing nigh, and even at the moment when he last wrote me of Charlotte's "unaffected simplicity of heart and manners, her ingenious frankness, and sweet temper," misfortune was advancing with rapid pace; treachery and dissimulation were undermining his peace; and the death-blow to his prospects of felicity, on this side of eternity, was wielded by the hand he almost idolized. Alas! the unworthy object of his faithful attachment was indeed a base deceiver; and three months previous to the period fixed on by her own appointment for her marriage with my brother, she actually bestowed her hand upon her guardian, and it was afterwards confidently reported, was prompted only so to

do from the dread of the consequences likely to follow her familiarities with Mr. M'Leod, who basely triumphed over the feeble virtue of a thoughtless girl, and robbed a brother of his reason and his peace.

From a friend, warmly interested in the fate of Archibald, my husband received the first tidings of his melancholy situation. A fever of a most alarming nature had succeeded his knowledge of his mistress's desertion, and his brother's perfidy; and after many paroxysms of frantic grief, he had sunk into a state of stupefaction from which the medical attendants deemed it doubtful if he ever might recover. "He is the mere wreck of what he was," said our friend, in his letter, "a melancholy spectacle of human misery. Hour after hour he passes in the same state of apathy. He rarely eats; and yet more-rarely tastes the blessing of repose. In conversation he cannot be brought to engage, even on the subject of his griefs. Sad, silent, and indifferent to all around him, his sighs are deep and frequent, and convey the most distressing sound to those who hear them. His pale countenance bears not a trace of its wonted animation. His looks are haggard, and tears of anguish often roll in silence over his cheeks, proclaiming the agonizing sensations which distract the noblest soul that ever felt the pressure of misfortune."

Ah! what were the feelings of Hamilton and myself on the perusal of this heart-rending intelligence. I loved my brother with the tenderest affection; I had esteemed Mr. M'Leod; and felt for the perfidious Charlotte the regard of a sister. No less interested in the fate of Archibald was my dear impetuous husband. Naturally of a hasty temper, warm in his friendships, and disdaining even the semblance of dishonour, his heart bled for the fate of my brother; while equally keen in his resentments, he execrated the authors of his wretchedness.

To fly to his relief was the first wish of his heart, and I was no less anxious to become the soother of our poor sufferer's affliction. But at that time I was not sufficiently

recovered from the consequences of having given birth to a still-born child, to quit my room, far less undertake a journey to the capital of Scotland. It was therefore settled, that Hamilton should set out alone, and that as soon as my health admitted of my travelling, I should also hasten to administer comfort to the aching bosom of the ill-fated victim of ingratitude and baseness. Accordingly my husband, who readily obtained leave of absence from the commanding officer, commenced his journey; and having scarcely allowed himself an hour's rest upon the way, he in safety reached the metropolis of Scotland, where he found the much-regarded object of his anxious solicitude, nearly insensible to every thing around him; but who, shortly after his friend's arrival, began to evince an interest in his society, which was considered a favourable omen; and the event justified the physician's expectations, as he gradually, though slowly, regained a portion of health, and reason seemed to be resuming her empire over his mind; though it was evident his cheerfulness was fled for ever, and his recollection of his sorrows too powerful to be subdued, even by the healing hand of time:—

“No time could e'er his banish'd joys restore,  
For ah! an heart once broken heals no more.”

From the accounts transmitted me by Hamilton, I had the satisfaction to learn that Archibald's condition, although still a melancholy one, was gradually bettering. But I could perceive my husband's resentment against the author of his friend's unhappiness was daily increasing; while so conscious was he of the nature of his feelings, that in the last letter I received from him, before my departure from Ireland, he acknowledged it was impossible to govern his ire; and if, as he had heard was their intention, the perfidious pair made their appearance in Edinburgh, he dreaded the warmth of his temper would lead to some act of violence, or at least of insult, if it was his fortune to encounter either. “The effrontery of that vil



woman," added he, "is indeed astonishing: but vanity and want of feeling, direct her conduct: and to gratify her inordinate love of admiration, and display her bridal finery (which, report says, exceeds any idea that could have been formed of her own extravagance, and husband's folly) she is coming hither, hopeful, no doubt, to become the leading star of fashion in our capital, and silence the reports which have been circulated to the disadvantage of her reputation, by the splendour of her appearance, and the sumptuousness of her entertainments. Do not blame me, Euphemia, should such an event be followed by my forgetting even the respect due to her sex, and bitterly reproaching her with inhumanity and baseness. You know the warmth of my temper, and my friendship for your brother; but you cannot judge of my feelings when I contemplate the wreck he is become, the shade of all that delighted and rendered him the admiration of whoever had the happiness of knowing him. 'Tis then, my love, that not even the precepts of religion, and forgiveness of our enemies, inculcated in my youth by my respected parents, can alloy the tumults in my bosom, or overcome the ardent desires I feel to punish, as they merit, those who blasted every prospect of my friend's felicity, and levelled to the dust one of the noblest works of nature."

This letter, which I only received on the eve of my journey, occasioned me considerable uneasiness. I was aware of Hamilton's impetuosity, and trembled for the consequences of a meeting with M'Leod, whose temper was also warm, and rather haughty, his courage invincible, and I was confident his spirit such as could not brook an insult offered to himself, or the woman he had made his wife. In a word, the most terrifying apprehensions took possession of my mind, and in all its increasing gloomy horrors, I experienced the dreadful burthen of that foreboding of impending evil, which often haunts us for a length of time, ere the fatal blow is struck at our repose. With as much expedition as my yet weak state of health



permitted, I performed my journey, attended by a faithful female servant, who had lived many years in our family, and accompanied me to Ireland.

As my eyes first caught a distant view of the city, my heart seemed ready to burst with an indescribable feeling of apprehension and melancholy sadness; and tears I could not repress were rolling down my cheeks, when the sight of my husband's servant, advancing upon horseback towards me, arrested my attention, and breathless with impatience I stopped the chaise, and demanded tidings of his master. With looks which I never can lose the recollection of, the poor fellow, who had been dispatched to meet me, and by imparting the afflicting intelligence of my husband's situation, prevent the surprize and horror I must necessarily have experienced, had I alighted at my brother's without any knowledge of the sad affair that had happened, essayed to subdue the feelings of his own distracted mind, and in as concise, and least alarming terms as possible, he related the circumstances he was sent to communicate. They were briefly these:—That on the preceding evening, Mr. and Mrs. M'Leod, who had been about a week in Edinburgh, made their appearance at the theatre, where the latter shone in all the splendour of rich and costly bridal paraphernalia. That Hamilton had been prevailed on by a friend to accompany him to the house, as it was the benefit night of a popular and deserving performer; and most unfortunately they took possession of seats in the very box in which the bride and her doating husband had engaged their places. That some time after the callous-hearted Charlotte made her appearance, undaunted by the general gaze, and as she well knew also the many strictures passing on her conduct, which had been freely canvassed in every circle in the city, and with the most unparelled effrontery, no sooner distinguished Hamilton amongst the persons near her, than extending her hand, in a friendly manner, she accosted him by name, and enquired, with seeming interest and affection, after

her dear Euphemia, as she styled the sister of her doating lover. Surprise, contempt, and indignation, by turns arose in the mind of her hearer, who gaining at last the power of utterance, unceremoniously replied to her enquires, by asking, why in her anxiety to be informed of the welfare of her former friends, she omitted to name her old acquaintance Archibald, of whose unfortunate situation she had doubtless heard, and, he presumed, regretted, as did all who knew the origin of his misfortunes, or had sufficient patience to reflect upon the barbarous author of his wretchedness. Conscience is a powerful monitor, and unfeeling as Mrs. M'Leod has shewn herself, she was unable to withstand its representations. At first, indeed, she assumed an air of contemptuous indifference to the language of Hamilton, but perceiving there were several persons near who had heard his words, and seemed to look upon her with the scorn she merited, her effrontery gave way; she blushed, hesitated, attempted to smile, and at length burst into an hysterical fit of crying, sobbing, screaming, and displaying a number of Thalian attitudes, to all of which my husband was a pleased spectator, and calmly looked upon her distress; when he beheld M'Leod who had not till then made his appearance, enter the box; when the cause of her disorder being explained, and Hamilton avowing it was occasioned by his reproaches on her conduct, words, as it may readily be imagined, arose betwixt the gentlemen, which being followed by a challenge, that was instantly accepted, a meeting was appointed at day-break the ensuing morning, when such was the fury which actuated either party, both were mortally wounded. M'Leod expired while conveying to his apartments; and Hamilton survived but a few days, in agonies indescribable. To the moment of his dissolution he retained his senses, and when able to express his thoughts, evinced the same affectionate solicitude for Archibald, and warm attachment for myself, as had ever been conspicuous in his conduct. As for my poor brother, he was nearly inconsolable, and

could scarcely be separated from the body of his friend, when death bereft him of one he had long considered as a brother, and to whom he was united by "bands more firm than nature's brittle tie." But I must draw a veil across the closing scene of my beloved husband's life; for even at this distant period of time, when a lapse of nearly thirty years has served to temper the acuteness of feeling, and reason and religion have contributed to foster that tranquility of mind which is as desirable a state as mortals can enjoy, the recollection almost overpowers me, and I feel that "memory of past bliss" is unsubdued by time, and creates uneasy pangs death only can assuage.

By slow degrees my brother regained the use of his intellectual faculties; but a settled melancholy oppressed his mind: and though resigned to the decrees of fate, his vivacity was lost for ever; and after five years past in wandering over different counties of England, during which time I was constantly his companion, he sunk into the grave, a victim to misfortune, perfidy, and baseness. As neither of my brother's left issue, I came into possession of the whole of the estates which had formerly belonged to our father; and I humbly trust, have not been altogether undeserving of the means of benefitting my fellow-mortals, Providence having thus placed it in my power.

I am now beginning to experience the "pains and penalties of age;" but I am thankful to the God of mercies my health is yet less impaired than that of many of my juniors in life; for I am able to enjoy the society of those friends who occasionally visit my Highland retirement, and sometimes make excursions to Edinburgh, where I pass a few weeks, and witness the progressive improvement of an orphan niece, and nephew of my husband's, whom I have adopted as my children, and in whose future welfare I feel greatly interested. That they will one day become respectable and worthy members of the community, I firmly trust: and that the liberal education I endeavoured to be-

stow on them, will render them useful, and agreeable to themselves, and others, when

"Ev'ry great event is o'er,  
In life's uncertain round ;"

and I am mingling with the dust of those lamented objects of my tenderest affection, whose spirits, I trust, I may be permitted to associate with, in the regions of unfading immortality—

"To part no more,  
With bliss-eternal crown'd."

Of the unworthy Charlotte little remains to be added. For some time she gave herself up to an excess of despair, which nearly terminated her existence; from which recovering she again sought the notice of the world, by repairing to Edinburgh, where she engaged a handsome house, and endeavoured to render herself an object of notoriety, by plunging into every expensive folly, and opening her doors to all who chose to enter them. But the attempt proved ineffectual. Her conduct rendered her despised by all who were the friends of virtue, and of poor Achibald and Hamilton; and these forming a large portion of the respectable inhabitants of the city, she was ridiculed as an unfeeling, selfish creature; detested as the destroyer of two of the worthiest of mortals; and at length so completely shunned, that in order to drown recollection, and acquire a temporary relief from her accusing conscience, she took to drinking, and in a few years ended her life, a martyr to disease, and an object of universal contempt, hatred, and derision.

The vile Mrs. M'Intosh whose artifices were the principal means of withdrawing Charlotte from virtue and honour, died of a broken heart soon after her nephew.

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*THE GOSSIPER.*

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NO. V.

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NOTWITHSTANDING poor human nature is continually repining, and crying out that all the evils of Pandora's box, without their attendant hope, are let loose in order to make us miserable, yet this is not enough for us, but we frequently render our troubles twofold, and thus increase them by some fictitious phantom of our own raising; we even seem to delight in our own self-annoyance. The invalid, for instance, not content he has a respite from pain, continues to feel his pulse; he anticipates the coming fit; he calculates on his dying symptoms, and renders the pause from bodily anguish nearly as acute as the agony he has just felt, by his mental fears. The wretch who speculates in worldly dross, while he hugs his millions, is still harrassed by the idea that a parish workhouse may one day close his eyes; and when the weather is tempestuous, or the price of the subsistence of his needy brethren fluctuates, he is already in imagination a ruined man. The fair sex also are not satisfied with jealousies from rivals, or disappointments from dress-makers, but they fill up their time with minor troubles; and those gigantic animals the mouse, and spider, and the vapours fill up those moments when flattery and scandal strive in vain to make them happy. "Some men there are who cannot bear a gaping pig," others a bag-pipe tweak i'the nose. I know as brave a seaman as ever stepped upon deck, who is near fainting at the sight of a cat; and I know a rustic who is obliged to leave his landlord's table on seeing a person biting a sharp apple. We all know that the music of a saw sharpening, or the creak of a fork upon a plate, to some of us will impart a most exquisite sensation. But my friend Dick Nerve has, I think after all

others, found out the most ingenious way of tormenting himself. Dick is a married man, and loves his wife; his children, of which he has two, contribute also to their mutual happiness; he lives elegantly, his money comes in without any trouble, and his creditors are sent away satisfied whenever they tender their bills. Dick hears the hurricane burst against his windows, but as his money is not on the waves, he heeds it not on that account. He reads of bankruptcies without terror, for his money remains unspeculated; yet, alas! he gets no sleep, for fires will happen, and burglaries may be committed. He is not satisfied that he has invented preventatives for the former, and bolts for the latter. He locks up every door himself; and seems superlatively happy should he find a half extinguished cinder lurking under the fender. He is every night so fastened up, that he might be burnt to death before he could get out, and to afford easy succour in case of conflagration he obliges every one in his house to have a light. He once lit up his curtains in watching for a house-breaker; and a thief once made him a nocturnal visit by ascending a fire escape, which hung outside from his window. In vain he has made all safe; in vain he lets down the bolt of his chamber, for servants may be treacherous. He still hears, or thinks he hears a noise; his wife, thoroughly convinced of his caution, thinks she hears a shutter fall, and in imagination breaks open her china closet; but again, and all is still. Again they are tucked in bed; 'tis a winter's night; they are getting into a glow, but the wind blows. Dick turns round to his deary, 'tis a night fit for robbers; 'tis very true, he has forgot to lock up a silver cup; again she is disturbed with a hist! a noise is indeed heard below: he jumps "antipodes upright," locks, bolts, and bars all fly asunder; the candle is snatched; his knees, naked and trembling, are shuffled to the window, the sash is up, and his head, with whitened tassels cap-decked, is thundering out, "Watch! Watch!" while poor Mrs. Nerve is left in a bath of perspiration. The key is dropt from

the window, the bolts are drawn back, and the half-asleep guardian of the night enters the passage. 'Tis too true, some one has entered; they sally, armed, into the pantry, he flees; they rush into the kitchen; again he escapes them, till at last they seize this midnight assassin by the neck. Puss is found guilty of an attempt at privately stealing, for a bunch of sheep's lights is seen on the floor, and the gridiron which the unfortunate felon brought with them to the ground, laying by its side. Dick comforts himself and his wife with the idea that it might have been worse, fees the watchman, determines not to abate his vigilance, and perfectly satisfied with his heroism, prepares to compose himself to sleep. But all this is nothing to what occurred to him but last week: 'twas Friday night, and caution was doubly necessary, for indeed but a night before an old hat had been stolen out of a neighbour's passage, and this evening the chimney of Mr. Combustion, the oilman, in the same street, had been on fire. In the midst of Nerve's first sleep he was awoke by a noise apparently in the room they were then in; again my friend is nearly out of bed; his attitude assumes that of a tailor, with regard to his legs, but his head and ears are distended not unlike that of a goose going under a gateway. Some one is in the room, he darts at the lamp, which for more security is placed in a recess at some distance, in his over-eagerness he upsets it, the light is vanished, and a dreary darkness envelopes him; his fears picture to him the light extinguished by a midnight depredator; he halloes lustily, Some one seizes him by the tail of his shirt, another holds his arm in speechless fury; some one strikes him, he hears close to him the screams of his wife. This would make the lamb a tyger, and he clinches some one's hair in his fist, while a sort of screaming duetto, with a growling bass, is kept up by him and his deary. A croud collects; he is too frightened to get out, too courageous to let go his hold; and the watchman cannot get in, notwithstanding an iron-crow has been for some time tried at

the door. The servants sleep too far off to hear; and if they did, have been too often unnecessarily disturbed to head him longer. At length a ladder is placed at the window, lights are brought; no thief is in the room; but to the astonished beholder is seen Mrs. Nerve, holding fast her husband's shirt, he pulling her by the hair of her head, both nearly breathless, exclaiming, we have got him, we have got him; a small noise is now heard; the parties recover themselves, and the watchman, removing the chimney-board, discovers not two assassins, but an unfortunate pigeon, whom distress has driven from the house-top.

C.

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### THE BUSY BODY.

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The various turns of fortune ponder;  
 That your sons may want  
 What now with hard reluctance  
 Faint you give. Thomson.

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THERE are few so unacquainted with the casualties of life, as not to be well aware that the smiles of fortune are deceitful and precarious; yet at the same time there are still fewer who have sufficient prudence to guard against those contingencies, which may, even in a moment of imaginary security, hurl them from the pinnacle of affluence to the abyss of misery; or who are willing to forego the pomps and pleasures of the present hour, to provide against evils which they are unwilling to believe will even assail themselves or their offspring.—A lamentable instance of this is to be found in the history of the young person, who has written me the following letter.—

### TO THE BUSY BODY.

MADAM,

PRESUMING upon your having once been in habits of intimacy with my mother, though at a time when I was a



mere infant, I take the liberty of making this application to you, in the hope, that when I have made known the particulars of my situation, you will have the goodness to afford some assistance to a friendless creature, who must be otherwise destitute of advice, protection, and support. At the time when you were acquainted with Mrs. Annesley, my mother, she enjoyed all the comforts of a genteel competency, and lived in a style more suited to the respectability of her connections, than consistent with the limited income she possessed, which, though sufficient for her immediate wants, would not admit of any provision for the future maintenance of her offspring. Unhappy is the lot of the child, who is compelled to expose the errors of a parent, in her own justification, and that lot is mine. My mother, with mistaken indulgence, instead of rearing me in habits of industry and the practice of humility, gratified her own feelings, by giving me an expensive but useless education, little imagining that she should be snatched from this world in the prime of life, or supposing that her darling child would be exposed to want, and compelled to solicit even the means of subsistence from those who had once been dependent upon her. Having been at an early age allowed to consider myself of the utmost importance at home, by the deference and submission which my mother's servants were compelled to observe towards me, I soon betrayed a degree of arrogance and self-sufficiency, which rendered me the object of concealed dislike, but of which no one dared to complain; and from my infancy was so accustomed to be waited upon and obeyed, that I had no other employment than diversion, nor knew the necessity of any attainment that did not contribute to the gratification of my childish vanity. It is possible, that the education bestowed upon me, superficial as it was, might have enabled me at this time to have engaged in some genteel avocation, had not the death of my mother, when I had scarcely attained my ninth year, deprived me of that advantage before I had reaped any benefit from it. At her decease her pension, as

an officer's widow, was in course discontinued, and the effects she left were insufficient to defray her debts. What would have been my fate I know not, had not a half-sister of my mother's taken compassion on my destitute situation, and afforded me an asylum. She kept a small shop in the city, and, though what is generally considered a clever industrious woman, her manners and habits were so much the reverse of my mother's, that young as I was I felt disgust at the contrast, and could ill brook submission to one who had never been esteemed or loved by a parent, whom I had been accustomed to consider a paragon of elegance and perfection. The habits of idleness in which I had been brought up, instead of yielding to the example of my aunt, were rather confirmed by the natural obstinacy of my temper, and as I entertained the notions, that my aunt took the opportunity of revenging herself for my mother's neglect of her, by making me feel my present humiliation, I grew sullen and discontented. Such perverseness was ill calculated to secure the affection of my aunt, who, provoked by what she deemed my ingratitude, treated me with a degree of harshness, which my proud spirit revolted against, and heedless of the consequence I voluntarily renounced her protection, and quitted her house. Had I been a few years older, such a step might have been attended with the most dreadful consequences, fortunately, however, I was but a child, and escaped those perils to which I should perhaps have been exposed. With a bundle of clothes upon my arm I wandered up and down the streets of the metropolis, without knowing a single person to whom I could apply for a night's lodging, till a late hour, when fatigued and dispirited I sat myself down upon the step of a door, and burst into tears. While I was in that situation a woman came to the door with a pint of porter in her hand, and rather sharply desired me to get out of the way. I looked up in her face, and by the light of the lamp was enabled to recognize her features. "Jenny," cried I eagerly, "don't you know me, I am Miss Annesley."—"Miss Annesley," she repeated in a

sarcastic tone, "what in the name of wonder do you do here."—"Oh, Jenny," I cried, in a voice broken by sobs, "I am very unfortunate, my dear mamma is dead, and I have been turned out of doors by my aunt; if you will only let me stay with you to-night I shall be so happy, for I know not where to go, nor what will become of me." Jenny, softened by this address, and perhaps induced by her natural curiosity, consented to admit me, and I followed her up two pair of stairs into a meanly furnished room, where two children lay asleep in a cradle. "And so my mistress is dead, is she? Well, and was there no money left for you?" asked Jenny, looking earnestly at me. I told her how affairs stood—she shrugged up her shoulders. "Ah, child! I always thought her pride would have a downfall, she thought nobody worthy to wipe your shoes once, and now see what has come to pass." This observation caused me to weep bitterly. "Well, well, don't cry," she resumed, "my husband is gone into the country, he is a carpenter, and has got a job in hand that may keep him two or three days, so you may stay with me till he comes home, and then, perhaps, we may find out some place for you—you must go to service now as well as other people." This idea had never struck me. "Service," I repeated somewhat disdainfully. "Yes, to be sure, Miss, you would not wish to starve, I suppose," returned Jenny, with asperity, "let me tell you, honest service is no disgrace, and you may bless your stars if you never meet with such treatment as your mother gave to her servants." This remark at once silenced and humiliated me. "But," said I, "what can I do, I am not capable of any hard work."—"And why not? You are strong and healthy; before I was your age I could scour a room or clean a stove."—"But you know, Jenny, I never did any thing of the kind;"—"Nor of any other kind," replied Jenny, "worse luck for you, but you must learn; so come to bed, and to-morrow I will teach you how to do something." This was indeed a hard but salutary lesson. However, I went to bed, and cried myself to sleep. Jenny, not-



withstanding the bitter observations she had made, was not unkind to me, and finding that I was some assistance to her, by nursing the children while she was employed about her household work, persuaded her husband to let me stay with them. After a short time I got reconciled to my situation. My natural idleness was indulged by the habit of strolling about the streets with the little ones; and as it was the only occupation which I engaged in with good will, Jenny soon ceased to trouble her head about teaching me any thing else. My clothes, however, were wearing out, and I had not the means of replacing them. When I mentioned this to Jenny, she advised me to apply to my aunt; reluctantly I did so, and, to my great surprise, she promised that she would equip me completely, if I was willing to go into a creditable place, which she had heard of. It may be supposed I made no objection. The situation to which she had recommended me was an eligible one, but unfortunately I was not capable of performing what was required of me. I could neither mend a stocking, make a pudding, nor iron a cap, and was soon dismissed as a helpless dawdle, too indolent to work, and too proud to learn. My aunt, justly incensed, refused me any further assistance, and with some difficulty I succeeded in getting a nursery-maid's place, in a family where two female servants and a footman were kept. Being now fifteen years of age, tall, and rather comely, I found myself an object of notice to the young men. My master even did not scruple to pay me particular attention, and frequently followed me to the Temple Gardens, where I used to walk with the children. My fellow servant, Stephen, whose tender advances I had proudly repulsed was excited to jealousy, and contrived to give my mistress information of her husband's conduct. Not daring to reproach him with his breach of fidelity, the whole burthen of her resentment was discharged upon me, and I was dismissed her service without a character. My aunt, influenced by her false representations, will neither receive nor assist me, and I am now destitute of every re-



source. The recollection of your address has inspired me with a hope, that through your means I may be enabled to procure an honest subsistence. The prospect of want, and the dread of infamy have, I trust, operated to my advantage; and if, through your humane interference in my behalf, I should be placed in a way of retrieving my character, I sincerely promise that you shall not find me undeserving or ungrateful.

I remain, Madam,  
Your respectful and obedient servant,  
ELIZABETH ANNESLEY.

Such was the purport of a letter which occasioned me equal surprise and concern. I had seen Elizabeth Annesley when a child, the idol of her mother, and universally extolled for her surprising attainments. She could read novels, play a tune upon the piano, and dance a minuet, before she was eight years old; and had her mistaken parent been as anxious to instruct her in every branch of useful knowledge as she was to see her admired for those frivolous acquisitions, she might now have been qualified to fill a respectable station in life. Simple as this unadorned narrative may appear, it has the advantage of truth to recommend it, and let the improvident mother, who is training her child to idleness, vanity, and pride, reflect and shudder at the precipice to which she is leading the object of her misapplied indulgence. Lamentable as is the situation of the unfortunate Eliza, it might be rendered still more deplorable if no friendly hand is stretched out to save her, for want may lead her unguarded steps to infamy, and then every hope of ameliorating her condition must be abandoned as fruitless, and she will live a striking memento of parental folly.

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*THE CHILD OF SUSPICION:**A ROMANTIC TALE.*

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(Continued from page 130.)

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## CHAP. IV.

Observe her mien

Majestic, gentle, and her smile serene;  
Her airy step, as lightning from the sky,  
The rays cerulean of her humid eye,  
In sunny clusters round her forehead bare,  
Devolves the light luxuriance of her hair.

*Barrett's Woman.*

THE most splendid preparations were made at the abbey for Lord Luterell, who had perceived that Moresco was struck with the charms of his daughter; and upon that account he was desirous of making an appearance which, by impressing his guests with an idea of his affluence and liberality, might induce the count to make early proposals. His lordship, it is true, had a suspicion that Monimia had suffered her heart to be ensnared by the youthful Walter. But although he saw nothing to disapprove in the young man, it was not his intention to let Monimia bestow her hand upon a dependent, and portionless orphan; one too, whose birth was suspicious, and who might be the child of dishonour. On the morning of the important day, Lord Lutterell took his daughter into his own apartment, and opening a casket which she had never before seen, presented her with a superb set of jewels. "Take these, Monimia," said he, "and wear them to-day; it is now time for you to relinquish the childish simplicity of dress in which you have hitherto appeared, and let me see with how much taste you can adorn yourself; I wish upon this occasion to behold your natural attractions; heightened by the aid of dress." Monimia smiled. "As your present, my dear fa-

ther," said she, " these costly ornaments are certainly acceptable, but I am sure your poor daughter will have no cause for exultation in wearing them."—" Why so, Monimia ?"—" Because," she replied, hesitating, " I am sure those who will see me to-day prefer my usual mode of dress ; and such an appearance of magnificence and ostentation will inspire more awe than admiration."—" You are right in that conjecture, perhaps," returned Lord Luttrell, " and it is as I would have it. Those whose rank in life does not place them upon an equality with my daughter, should have their familiar advances checked by an appearance which must remind them of her superiority. In fact, Monimia, I will speak plainly to you ; the partiality of Sir Herbert for his adopted son, has made me suffer an intimacy to subsist, from which I augur no good ; I therefore wish you to be more reserved in your conduct towards him, and without giving offence to Sir Herbert, let them see you are not inclined to encourage any presumptuous hopes." At these words Monimia bent her conscious eyes to the ground ; they were filled with tears, but her father affected not to observe, or at least not to penetrate the cause of her emotion. He took her hand tenderly, saying, " I am not attempting to cast any blame on you, my child, your conduct is irreproachable. Go then, attire yourself to my wish, and be assured a most splendid conquest awaits you." Monimia pressed her father's hand, but dared not trust her lips to make any reply. In her chamber she pondered on his words, and found them such as she could not reconcile in any way to the scheme of happiness which her sanguine imagination had formed. It was evident that he wished her to renounce Walter, but he little knew how great an effort it would require to obey him. Still obedience was what Monimia had ever practised towards her only remaining parent ; and no consideration of earthly happiness could induce her to act contrary to his commands, which she considered as little less sacred than those of her heavenly father.

Monimia was unversed in the modern theory of self-will and perverseness. Her education had been superintended by a pious ecclesiastic, who had carefully instilled maxims suitable to the habits of the times; and under the influence of these, Monimia would have considered any wilful act of disobedience as the surest means of drawing down the divine wrath upon her head. Still, however, she reckoned much upon the indulgence she had ever experienced from Lord Lutterell, and was too little versed in the ways of the world to suppose that an affectionate parent would be so far deaf to the voice of nature as to sacrifice the felicity of a dutiful child to interest and ambition. Consoled by this hope, the artless girl prepared to give the first proof of her desire to please her father, by arraying herself in a manner which she conceived instead of heightening her charms would totally eclipse her few personal attractions; and as she stood before her mirror arranging the jewels which her father had presented her, she frequently sighed, and exclaimed, "How gaudy! how unbecoming! I am sure Walter would admire me ten times more in my new camblet, trimmed with point, and my hair in its natural form; but my father, ah! he will be delighted with these magnificent trappings, and if he is gratified I shall be happy."

Thus soliloquizing, she finished the business of the toilet, and when ready to receive her guests, descended with a palpitating heart. Her appearance was indeed such as delighted her father, who gazed on her with unconcealed rapture. Her dress was white satin, closely fitting her finely turned shape, and falling in graceful folds, with a train of considerable length, richly embroidered with green and gold laurel leaves; large emerald studs secured the sleeves and bosom, and a pointed girdle of gold net-work upon crimson velvet, with rich tassels, confined her slender waist. From her left shoulder depended a crimson velvet mantle, fastened with a cluster of diamonds, and looped up under the right arm with a similar ornament, descending again



to her feet, and richly fringed with gold; her luxuriant tresses were confined by strings of diamonds, and secured on the top of her head with a bodkin of various coloured gems. Nothing could be more magnificent than her appearance; yet Walter, while he locked the admiration which he felt, thought she moved with less grace than usual, and seemed more oppressed than improved by such stately trappings. Moresco was lavish of compliments, and every one seemed emulous of paying homage to her beauty. Lady Mortimer, whose insignificant deformed figure served merely as a foil, could not suppress her mortification. Walter observed it; but instead of triumphing over an humbled enemy, he strove by the most polite attention to soothe her ruffled temper. Of him, however, she thought but little. Moresco was the object who engaged all her notice; and he was so entirely engrossed by the lovely hostess that he had not even recognized in Lady Mortimer his quondam acquaintance on the continent; perhaps it was not his wish to recollect that which could bring with it no pleasureable sensations. Such at least was the inference which she drew from his behavior; but she was determined that his forgetfulness, whether real or pretended, should not be of long duration; and accordingly when, after dinner, she found an opportunity of speaking to him, as the party strolled through the pleasure-grounds, reminded him of her claim upon his recollection. Moresco coloured, and affected the greatest surprise; but, with a significant glance, she replied, "Nay, count, you have no occasion to use duplicity towards me, particular circumstances render it necessary for me to say, that I am disposed to be more your friend than you have any right to expect. I can penetrate your views and wishes, and it is in my power to serve you; for once be assured you have nothing to dread from a woman's tongue." Moresco, encouraged by this address, instantly threw off the reserve in which he had before wrapped himself, and in the course of the evening contrived to speak a few words privately, in which he solicited an interview,

which Lady Mortimer readily granted. Having thus in part affected her purpose, Lady Mortimer assumed an air of perfect good humour, and the evening passed in social harmony. An invitation was given by Sir Herbert to the whole party, and they parted, highly pleased with each other. Monimia alone retired to her chamber, with a heavy heart. The adulation of the count, instead of affording any gratification to her vanity, filled her with dismay; she began to suspect that her father's expectations were well grounded, and had once in the evening detected them in earnest and animated conversation, of which, by their looks and gestures, she had reason to conjecture she was herself the subject. Filled with this conviction she passed a sleepless night; nor were her apprehensions without foundation. Moresco had endeavoured to obtain the consent of Lord Lutterell to address his daughter, and had received sufficient encouragement to feel highly elated with his brilliant prospects.

The fact was, that Moresco, however splendid his appearance, possessed no substantial wealth, but owed his subsistence to means which if revealed would have effectually checked his presumptuous hopes of obtaining the hand of the Lady Monimia. The consciousness that Lady Mortimer was acquainted with these resources filled him with alarm; and he no sooner found that she was inclined to befriend him and observe silence on the subject, than he determined to court her favour, and leave no means untried to secure her in his interest. By the aid of the obsequious Jane, he was readily admitted to a private conference with her lady. What passed at that interview cannot be at present revealed; suffice it, she found an opportunity of putting her malicious schemes in practice, and Moresco took, as he thought, an effectual method of securing the uninterrupted possession of the desired object, by coinciding with his artful confederate. While affairs were in this state, the day fixed for Sir Herbert's promised fete arrived. Lady Mortimer, anxious to rival Monimia in mag-

nificence, though she could not hope to equal her in elegance, spared no expence in the decoration of her person or apartments. Every luxury that could be procured, was purchased for the occasion; and the arrival of an aged minstrel at the gate, afforded her a triumph, as it would enable her to contribute to the entertainment of her guests by the exercise of his skill and taste in a science of which she was wholly unversed, and which, upon trial, she found infinitely superior to the highly-extolled talents of Monimia. It was with this view rather, than any benevolence of heart, that the aged musician was admitted into Mortimer Hall, and regaled to his heart's content, for several days previous to that of the festival. The poor old man, though blind and infirm, oft time tuned his harp to a merry strain, and drew forth such tones as charmed the enthusiastic Walter, who would sit by his side for hours together, listening to his poetical descriptions of battles, or the more touching effusions of recollected love. From the loquacious Jane, the minstrel had obtained many family anecdotes, which his prompt genius knew how to turn to account, and he seldom failed to adapt his lay to the feelings and circumstances of those whose attention he wished to excite. An unlooked-for event too soon disturbed the harmony which had lately prevailed at Mortimer Hall. Walter, who frequently indulged himself in solitary strolls, one evening failed to return at his accustomed hour. Sir Herbert, at first imagining that he had been detained at the abbey, suffered several hours to elapse without testifying any uneasiness; but when the time of retiring to rest drew nigh, without bringing Walter home, he dispatched a servant in search of him. The man however returned with intelligence that he had not been seen by any of Lord Lutterell's family; and the baronet, heedless of his lady's remonstrances determined on setting out himself, in hopes of being more successful. Sir Herbert returned from his fruitless expedition fatigued and dispirited. No tidings of Walter were to be obtained, and he found it



impossible to think of festivity while he remained in such a state of suspense and inquietude; an apology was accordingly sent to the invited guests; and Lady Mortimer endeavouring to conceal her chagrin at the disappointment, by affecting concern and sympathy, shut herself up in her apartment. Left thus to himself, the baronet found no solace but in the soothing strains of the minstrel, who had found the means of interesting his feelings, and calming the perturbations of his troubled mind, not only by the melody of his notes, but by conversation; which had ever for its subject the praises of a youth so deservedly beloved. "You appear to have known better days old man," said the baronet, addressing his venerable companion; "your language is not that of a needy itinerant, your story would amuse me if I could prevail upon you to relate it." The minstrel sighed. "I have indeed known better days, Sir Herbert, but my present sufferings are but a just retribution for the miseries I have occasioned others; and when I acknowledge this, I think you will not be desirous of hearing a story, which can afford you little room for praise or pity."—"You are mistaken," replied Sir Herbert, thoughtfully, "the errors of our youthful days, are sometimes condemned with too much severity; at a more advanced period few, perhaps, can look back on their past lives, and exultingly say, I have never transgressed. Tell me then, bard, your story, without reserve; and if the sorrows which you now labour under are not irremediable, perhaps I may be possessed of power and inclination to mitigate them." The minstrel, gratified by this condescension, bowed his head respectfully; then laying down his harp, and folding his arms across his bosom, began his recital thus.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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## THE BANDITTI OF THE FOREST;

OR,

## THE MYSTERIOUS DAGGER.

(Continued from page 211.)

## CHAP. V.

—————"Thy currish spirit governed a wolf;  
Even from the gallows did her fell soul fleet, and  
While she lay in thy unhallowed dam,  
Infused itself into thee, for thy desires  
Are bloody, ravenous. King John.

IN vain, like the perturbed spirit of a departed murderer, did the soul of Albert strive to gain repose. All was silent in the turret. He strove to recall those sweet tones which his dear Adelaide had once carolled; but they were scarce present to his imagination. He found not the refreshing breeze his soul sickened after, and he returned to his chamber. Days dragged heavily, deferred hope still mocked him. He accused the tardiness of his followers; and while he climbed the highest battlements to watch their return, alas! he little thought that only sufficient time had elapsed when their greatest speed could enable them to reach the countess. Often did he hear the sound of horses' hoofs pace over the hollow draw-bridge; but these were unfriendly ones; and every day found him regarding his dagger with a more gloomy satisfaction. One evening, however, he ventured to trim his, as yet, ever-neglected lamp. The book still lay open before him, which his compassionate attendant had borrowed; but now Gudolfo was his only purveyor. He caught it from the ground; his eyes wandered over the rude wood cuts with which it was

embellished; he glanced insensibly over the black German letter with which it was printed, when his attention became a little chained by the following exordium:—

“Mortal, whoever thou art, who beholdest these pages, attend to the moral and be content. Though thou art assailed by concealed enemies, who have murdered thy dearest reputation by stealth; if those, whom thou thoughtest were thy friends, have left thee in adversity; if she on whom thou hast gazed, and gazed till thou hast loved, has, after breathing vows of constancy, left thee for another; or, if from what cause else thou hast drank of the cup of bitterness even to the very dregs, let not despair suggest to thee suicide! let her not darken thy soul with her suggestions, for these will only make you miserable here, and in eternity. But put your trust in the Power above; call on religion; her mild and celestial ray shall illumine thy mind, shall take from thee thy load of care, and lead thee back to happiness, if thou wilt but endeavour to deserve her assistance.

“Ægander was strong as the mountain eagle; the rosy finger of health painted his cheeks, and danced jocund in his eyes. Wisdom had instilled into him some of her precepts; and the birds and beasts of the forest taught him piety and gratitude; he imitated their morning carols to the Supreme, and their evening songs conveyed his gratitude to the Father of all. He saw the tygress fight for her young, and the cravings of appetite satisfied, man might pass by her unregarded.

“Ægander saw the modest Morvina, the pride of that canton in which, from his youth, he had resided. Age had nearly classed them together; and from a similarity of ideas, love stole imperceptibly into their hearts. It was not breathed in the nonsensical rhapsodies of the boy and girl taken with a pretty face, but it grew from an instinctive desire of pleasing each other, by mutually disclosing the wisdom of their thoughts, and encouraging each other in rectitude of conduct. Their parents saw the growing

passion with joy, and wished but to live to bless their union.

"But envy, that self-corroding fury, who too often instils her poison into the breast of human nature, now reigned tyrannic in the bosom of Morvina's aunt; a wretch, who by the number of her herds, fancied that she had a right to usurp a tyrannic sway over the less wealthy than herself; and though an inhabitant of a sequestered vale, found miscreants whom bribery would force to her will. They seized Ægander; they forced him on board a vessel, and conveyed him to a house of hers, washed by Walga's stream, where he was confined, and nearly hid from the face of day.

"'Twas not the gloomy pleasure of mischief only, yet this she dearly loved, but she was also prompted by jealousy. Yes! start not, gentle peruser of this tale, this wretch, disfigured by age and malevolent passions, thought herself a fit match for the youthful Ægander.

"Some time after he had been confined, his prison door was thrown open, and he discovers his Medusa: 'Now, foolish boy,' she exclaimed, 'now may you pine, unpitied and unknown; torn from that doll's face which thou hadst the effrontery to compare to mine. My majestic tread,' continued she, walking fantastically, 'was to be slighted for her childish trip; my auburn tresses, for her black curls, ah! ah! ah! But know, the daughter of Dionaibus never yet asked in vain, but for your smiles, and you have dared to treat me with contempt; yes, and you live to hear me say it.' Here her rage obliged her to pause, but she soon recovered. 'Once more,' she exclaimed, 'I make you an offer of my hand. Consider, upon your refusal here you are immured for ever; everlasting misery shall be your portion. Your friends have given you up as no more, and my fortune will always be sufficient to pay for every risk I shall run in your detention. To-morrow, then, I expect a decisive answer.' She then bade him farewell; the guards resumed their posts, and she retired.



"The next morning, ere the orient sun had gilt the forest, she entered to him again, her face struggling with contending emotions. 'Wilt thou be mine, thou proud youth,' she said, affecting the bashfulness of virtue. 'No,' exclaimed Ægander, 'never! I hold the name of Morvina too dear ever to sacrifice its love to thee!'—'Who waits there,' cried the incensed aunt of his dearest. He is immediately surrounded, bound with cords, and again conveyed on board a vessel. To be thus treated with ignominy was too much for the high spirited soul of Ægander to bear. In the night when all was still,

"When the sweet winds did gently kiss the breeze,"

he determined to end a life, now become a burthen to him, and from which he saw no possibility of escape. He burst his bonds—the watch has neglected his duty—he sleeps—and Ægander's leaping in the sea, disturbed not the drowsy mariner.

"But, alas! for Ægander, he soon repents, when he finds the water flow in upon him. He now tries to recover a life, which but a minute before he had wished to lose. He dreads to meet an offended Deity, a sure punisher of suicide; and lastly he thinks of his Morvina, and that some chance might have occurred to effect a meeting. These thoughts give him strength; he continues to swim, invoking Providence to forgive him his temerity, and assist him to reform; but he has put himself upon an equality with his enemy, and punishment awaits him. The sea continues to break over his head; he is nearly exhausted—he thinks all over; he rises for the last time, and a pitying wave throw him motionless upon the beach. Here he remains for a time senseless; till, as from a dream, recollection dawns. What joy then, what happiness convulses his renovateed frame, when he discovers the poplars, the curling smoke, and the distant thatch of the humble Morven, the father of his dear, beloved Morvina. How he kisses the earth; how he utters his grate



ful thanks; and weak as he is, love assists him to the dwelling of her he adores.

"The old man, her father, blind with age, is sitting at the door; he calls to him while at a distance, the organs of age are but dull; he yet hears, but cannot be persuaded that it is the voice of *Ægander*, until the scream of joy from his wife, makes this delightful truth no longer to be doubted. He embraces him, after satisfying his most earnest enquiries after *Morvina*, who had not left them long for the wood. 'Ah! my son,' exclaimed the venerable old man, 'what has happened to you; something very shocking, I am sure, to make you absent yourself from our cottage: the cottage also of your *Morvina*. She, poor girl, has been ill, very ill; 'tis true, she says, she is somewhat better, but if you leave her, I fear she will die broken-hearted. We have had not only to feel for your absence, but for the fate of an only child, sinking into an untimely grave. And could we long survive her? And your parents, run to comfort them, they have been inconsolable for your loss; yet I long to hear your story. Spare not the cheese; and the grapes are of the best vintage that Providence has favoured us with for years.' He quickly related his story, which was necessary to regain the confidence of the good old folk. At his narrow escape from the waves the old man's groans, with his wife's convulsive sobs, prevented his proceeding with his detail, which he soon finished, frequently casting his eyes to the door at which his *Morvina* now appears. They beseech him not to shock her by his sudden appearance, but scarce can he keep his seat, from the violence of his feelings. The rose which he had left on her cheek was vanished, and like the storm-stricken lily, her form bent in the tempest. She walked feebly, and scarce were her hands capable of bearing in her lap the few sticks that she held in her apron. She sees, in a darkened corner of the room, a young man, and hopes, yet fears, it cannot be *Ægander*. Her heart throbs violently, while she gently pushes open the half door. "'Tis him!" she cries; the faggots drop

from her hands, and like a corpse she staggers into the arms of the agitated Ægander. At length she opens her eyes, she fixes them upon him with tender regard, then relapses into a vacant stare.

"This tragedy is repeated for some time, till at length an hysteric fit, followed by a flood of tears, brings her to reason. What a scene for an amiable girl now presents itself; her aged father is wringing his hands, while ever and anon a tear steals down his furrowed cheeks; her mother is invoking, upon her knees, mercy, and wearying heaven with petitions for her daughter's recovery; and the youth that she adores gazing with stupid anguish over her agitated frame.

"Her father is now told she recovers. Her mother assists him to take his daughter's hand, which he gives to Ægander. Joy is diffused round the room. He conducts her to his parents. What delight do they not experience. They shudder at the behaviour of the aunt, and yet dread the consequence of her revenge. But Morvina bids them not to fear, that her father and the good pastor shall plead for them; 'and surely,' she cries, 'age and religion cannot plead in vain.' They knew not, that long ere this, passion had ended this woman's wretched existence, and that her riches must soon devolve to them. They seek this worthy pastor on the morrow; they will no longer be separated from each other, and with his blessings, and those of their parents, they are united—they are happy.

"Pause here, oh, reader, and ask thyself if thy despair was ever better founded than was the misery of these children of unadulterated nature. Let not then thy fortitude sink under thy cultivated understanding; and if thou wilt profit aright from this lesson, perhaps yet, like them, you may be happy!"

Albert throw down the book, for his eyes were heavy. He paced the room, cool and collected; no bursts of passion escaped his lips; and he pondered on the tale which he had just been perusing. "Surely," cried he, "my good

genius has thrown this book purposely in my way, to comfort me in my affliction." The similarity of circumstances struck him most forcibly. *Ægander* was torn from her he loved, so was he! They were both persecuted, and both tempted to end their beings by their own hands. "Yes, merciful heaven!" he exclaimed, "I now own thy correcting power. Forgive me, and I swear solemnly to bow with resignation to thy will. I will summon more resolution than the uncultivated soul of *Ægander* could. Spare but my *Adelaide*!" Here he was interrupted by the clatter of horses' hoofs in the court-yard; but they were so familiar to him, that he loitered ere he essayed to view. He perceived with the banditti a man of superior mein. The horn blew, yet they were detained. At length the rattling chain proclaimed the portcullis was drawn up. The stranger looked upwards suspiciously, and *Albert's* strained vision now acknowledged the person of his uncle, to whom he waved his white feather. But *Zittau* saw him not, the draw-bridge fell, and all was again silent.

"Our fates are then decided," exclaimed the wretched *Albert*, "and *Adelaide* will become the sacrifice to this monster. Oh! merciful heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is more than I can bear;" and he paced the turret in agony. There was a butment which projected far from the walls of the castle, and oft when *Albert's* impatient looks would pervade the distant landscape, for the return of his followers, would the wretched lover cling. The place was dangerous; for had the niche, whose crumbling stones had once held the blazonry of the castle, given way, death must have been the consequence. But *Albert* heeded it not. Oft when he would catch the bandit's words, did he cling, and bend over immensity. 'Twas to this place he repaired, when the moon had arose, pale-orbed, upon the landscape; he overlooked an immense terrace, and straining his ear, voices, as if disputing warmly, broke the silence of night. The wind was favourable to him, he heard his uncle threaten, yet he felt



no alarm ; but revenge swelled his bosom, as he denounced curses on Zittau's head. It was evident they were plotting his death, but he returned to his chamber.

Lulled into security, of late his confinement had been less severe. He was suffered the range of a corridore to walk in when the weather had been tempestuous, and this indulgence had yet been continued. At the usual nightly visitation of his lamp he affected to be very drowsy ; but he thought Gudolfo eyed him with more than common attention. Yet no particular caution was used ; and he listened till the sound of footsteps had ceased. He then made for this corridore, leaving behind his lamp, lest it might awaken suspicion. But how was he surprised on perceiving lights through the crevices of apparantly a temporary flooring of boards, so old as to allow him to view a large room underneath. He listened if all was still, and at length placed his eye through the interstices of the platform, from whence a knot from the wood had slipped. He beheld his uncle at a table, surrounded by the banditti, who were drinking very freely ; and he found himself to be still the principal feature in their conversation. He eagerly devoured every word they uttered. Zittau expressed his fears of the emperor ; and he heard them say, " we swear," after which they ejaculated, " he dies." Again they resumed their seats, and the means were debated, how they should accomplish their horrid purpose. Gudolfo mentioned poison, but this was objected to as dilatory. At length, when they had been by Zittau wound up to a frenzy, by intoxication, they agreed to enter his chamber in numbers that very night, and asleep or awake to butcher him upon the spot ; that Adelaide also should be murdered, after being shewn the dead body of Albert, without she would consent to be united to Count Zittau, and by her own hand-writing declare that Albert was killed in attempting the life of his uncle. " Execrable villany !" exclaimed the distracted Albert, as he started from the floor. " Oh ! Protector of innocence ! thou wilt not suffer



these wretches to put their threats into execution. For myself I will sell a life I am tired of, dearly and honourably. But must my Adelaide, dearest maid, she who, oh heaven, has obeyed thy dictates without repining; she, who is all goodness, must she be butchered by the blood-thirsty villains? Must her delicate form be disfigured with wounds, ere she will consent to espouse the murderer of him she loves. Will she blast the reputation of him she adores, or must she feel the assassin's vengeance. 'Tis madness, oh God! 'tis too much.

"Wilt thou then forsake me," groaned Albert, with agony, while drops of perspiration chased each other down his face. "Oh! gracious Father of Heaven! wilt thou withhold thy thunder at such a deed." Tears at length burst from his eyes; they allayed the fever of his brain; they flowed fast. Yes, the courageous, the high-minded Albert wept. Had he not, 'tis probable, reason would have vacated her seat in his brain. These tears, however, he soon wiped away. "Foolish boy," he exclaimed, "will these complaints nerve thy arm; summon a stern resolution." A supernatural strength seemed to revive him, he tore a bar from the scarce to be reached casement; he breathed a prayer for Adelaide, and waited in suspense fully resolved to sell his life as dear as possible. Despair seemed to strengthen him. He longed for the combat; but all was silent. The hurricane whirled round the battlements, and the sighs of ghosts appeared to vibrate in the breeze.

( To be continued. )

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**THE STROLLER'S TALE.**

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(Continued from page 218.)

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**CHAP. V.**

"SHOEMAKERS," answered my friend, "eat, and that is a very substantial reason for the preference of a trade over a profession. But to inform you why I changed my situation in the army for, a worse, playing, is, because I had rather starve with my inferiors than my superiors. Twice I ran through a good fortune, and my friends declared they would not settle my debts again. And then it was that I entered into a regiment. I was only an ensign, and my pay did not even find me in boots. I will give you some idea how magnificently I fared. After morning parade, a bason of milk composed my breakfast, I had then a long run till five o'clock in the afternoon, this was the hour of mess, after which I arose from table immediately, without one glass of wine to wet my lips; while barbers' and tinkers' sons revelled in inebriety, I was glad to sneak home to read Drelincourt on Death, to an old maid, for a supper and gin and water, or to take tea with my washerwoman's daughter. This was my fate, and the fate of many a spendthrift like myself. At length I sold out, spent the money, and so bade adieu to

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"The shrill tramp,  
The spirit stirring drum, the ear piercing fife,  
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war,  
Othello's occupation fled."

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How then could I, a mechanic's son, of low origin, complain, when a man, by birth so much my superior, was without a sixpence. But he was not the only disappointed man I met with in our company, and reduced to the

greatest distress; with my friend, the ensign, was a school-master, the graduate of college, a barrister at law, and a musician, who once led at a theatre-royal; all, all men of genius! The victims of the grossest imprudence, and who now joined in despising that rank which they might have attained; and, from a spirit of what they called independence, had now become the objects of the earth. Poor human nature!

My military friend reminded me, that although I was low in pocket, yet my credit was good; his was not, and upon the strength of my character I promised him a dinner.

On our return to the town he laid open to me the life he had led; he had been an artist, a novellist, and a politician; had danced attendance at a manager's levee with his manuscript—and had built many a mighty castle in the air, which had

“Vanish'd like the baseless fabric of a vision  
And left not a wreck behind.”

At our approach to the Red Lion, we were attentively viewed by two clergyman, ycleped sweeps. A little wretch, bending under an immense load of soot, with which he scarce crawled along, called out to a big fellow, his master, who was whistling before him in the most independent manner, and when he came up to him, exclaimed, with a grin, “Master, master, there be the actor men!” “Hold your tongue,” said the brute, “you don't know what you may come to yourself.” Thus you see how we are mistaken in our objects of compassion. This little wretch had just before claimed our pity, and his tyrant our detestation.

The dinner was as good as mutton chops and ale could make it; and to do my friend justice, he seemed perfectly satisfied. He repaid me for my hospitality, by giving me many hints with regard to my professional life, the which were of service to me ever after.



"With regard," said he, "to your benefit night, which is now approaching, and in which you have done nothing, alas! my dear fellow, if you don't push, you'll get nothing; where are your tickets, have you got a *bespeak*; is a *young lady of the town* to recite *Collins's Ode on the Passions*; or, a *young gentleman, only three years of age, to play a Solo on the Violin*. You have done nothing. If you do not stir, you can never expect a bumper; however, the manager must be consulted. Order some more ale, will you?" continued he. This we drank and parted

"Each to our several businesses;"

and on the following day it was agreed, Venice Preserved should be enacted for my benefit. Very different was the present manager to the one I had left, so tenacious of playing the first characters. At the theatre I now performed, I might have played all the parts; Mr. Daggerwood cared not who played the tyrant or who the lover. Pecuniary emolument was more to him, than the "*vox populi*;" in fact he told me he would take any character that might be serviceable to the house. Not a disciple of Plato, on the Royal Exchange, could be more industrious than he was, or could labour harder in his vocation. Alas, degenerate son of Shakespeare, thou lovest thy wages better than the applause of thy profession. Indeed he often thanked his stars "that he was no genius." No shopman could be more correct in running up a bill than he was; nor no counter youth more industrious. He painted the scenes; he fitted up boxes; made lamps, and altered dresses; while the wife of his bosom printed the bills, which their papa and mamma distributed; even the youngest child did something towards the public good. In every thing he was steady and diligent. His Hotspur, Iago, Falstaff, or Slender; Harlequin, Clown, or Macbeth, all were played with the same attention; he had a quick study; he sung in a part that required it without a voice, and danced in *coupée* without knowing a step. What a freak



of fortune to throw him in such a profession ; had he been brought up a cordwainer he must have arrived at the dignity of lord mayor. He promised to exert himself to get me a house, and offered me his wife and children, to do with them just as I chose. I might have strangled the one as Desdemona, and given over the latter to death by the hands of Sir James Tyrrell in the Tower. Nay, even his honoured father I might have placed as Kent in the stocks, or ruined his mamma as Castalio, and I engaged

“ All his little ones at one fell sweep,”

on liberal terms. He set to work to manufacture more tin candlesticks ; added a pennyworth of red-lead to the boxes ; robbed a pig-stye to mend the orchestra ; while his deary mended a slit in Belvedera's gown, and washed a pair of trowsers for the gay deceiving Reinault.

(To be continued.)

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ELLEN;

or,

THE PARSONAGE.

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( Continued from page 225. )

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LETTER VIII.

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

MY friend, I thank you for your letter, and bow myself to your reproaches for my silence and neglect. But if you are angry, it must not be with me. I am not a free agent; I am in thralldom ; and against the enchantress who holds me in it you must direct your vengeance. In short, Charles, my every moment is occupied by my new found treasure. I almost live at the Parsonage. Live! true, for

the time spent elsewhere, scarcely deserves the name of existence. From the day on which I first gained admission into the Parsonage, I have hardly failed to visit it, at least once during the career of Phœbus. Its master hails me with the cordiality of an old friend, and his niece welcomes me with a smile. Oh! Charles, such a smile as would overpay me, were I inclined for a pilgrimage to Mecca, for "all the troubles by land and sea," I might encounter in the journey.

You ask me for a description of the person of Miss Morland. In sooth, Charles, I cannot oblige you; I can only say, she is below the middle size, with sufficient en bon point to give richness to a small, elegantly moulded form; and has a face—my God! for a man to sit down coolly to write a description of the face of Ellen Morland! The face, summoned by idea, flitted before my eyes as I attempted it, and with one of Hebe smiles, laughed the effort to scorn. My crayons and pallet are again in favour, though, you know, I some time since abjured them; but Ellen loves the art, and adorns it by her performances in it. I will thank you, being at the fountain head for such things, if you will send me a fresh supply of drawing materials, speedily; and further, Charles, if my letters are rare excuse me, for while I am occupied by "this bud of love," which

" By summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower,"

I fear I shall make but a sorry correspondent, and that I, who now can utter

" No discourse except it be of love;  
Who can break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love,"

shall tire the grave student; but since I knew what a pleasure or a sorrow was, your bosom has since been the repository of the overflowings of mine, and still must, how-

ever cloying the subject to one who "joys not in a love discourse."

Yesterday Mr. Conway and Ellen dined with me; pshaw! common-place, world-like expression; they spent many hours with me, and those hours were gilded by the greatest pleasure. 'Twas needless to think of shewing them my house, they were better acquainted with it than I am; but to my library I led them with some degree of pride, for if, as Joseph Surface says, I am a coxcomb in any thing 'tis in my books. Mr. Conway paid me many compliments on my selection of authors; and Ellen, pointing to several of her favourites, said she was glad to observe that so many of her friends were mine; adding, "but, Sir Henry, your library is deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, for I still have your Beattie; indeed the minstrel sings so sweetly, I scarcely know how to part with him, but should wish, like an hospitable lady of old, to entertain him at at my castle as long as his harp or voice possess one note of melody, which will be as long as genius or poetry contain a charm. But," she continued, taking up an Ossian, that laid in the window, "what have we here? this appears the latest study, Sir Henry." Mr. Conway just then calling me to ask my opinion of a passage of Virgil, I went to him. After having dipped with Mr. Conway into the beauties of the Mantuan poet, I turned towards Ellen; indeed the praises I bestowed on Mr. Conway's favourite consisted merely of monosyllables; for though he read the numbers of Maro, in a manner that did them justice, yet, my heart was with Ellen, and the son of Fingal; for he is an author I had never heard her mention, and I longed to know her opinion of him. When I returned to Ellen she was reading; her countenance appeared agitated, and her eyes full of emotion. "How like you the bard of Selma, *ma douce amie?*" said I, as I joined her. "Hush!" she replied, in a modulated tone of voice, "I am enchanted, listen," and laying her hand on my arm, read, "I was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches



round me; but thy death came like the blast from the desert, and laid my green head low; the spring returned with its showers, but no leaf of mine arose."—"Good God!" she exclaimed, as she finished the passage, "what author is this, who thus speaks to my heart?"—"And can it be possible," I replied, "that Miss Morland has not read Ossian?"—"Never!" she answered, with a fervour of manner peculiar to herself, "Oh! then," said I, "will you luxuriate in his sweets; yours is the very soul for which 'the chief of a thousand bards sung.'"—"I had heard," she rejoined, "of Ossian, as of a poet of an age obscured by ignorance, and, consequently, supposing that his poems abounded with nothing but the wonders of witchcraft, and the chimeras of superstition, the general contents of such poems; I enquired no more about them."—"The pleasure you will feel in reading him," said I, "will, I am certain, be great, for no heart is more open to fine impressions and fine emotions, than that of *ma douce amie*; and the most susceptible enjoy Ossian most, for he is the bard of feeling, and indeed he can never be appreciated as he ought, unless the heart accompanies the judgment." Mr. Conway was so busy with *Aeneas* and the Queen of Carthage, that he heeded us not, and I, eager to point out the beauties of this my most favourite author, entered into him with my usual enthusiasm. From Ossian we proceeded to other works. I was deceived—I thought, from the charming sensibility displayed in all her words and actions, that she must have read with attention and profit all those writers whose province is the heart, and who, from the fascination of their sentiments and style, warm their readers to an imitation of the characters they paint. But to her their names were those of strangers; and that sweet flower of sentiment, which I had deemed an exotic, flourishing in a congenial soil, I found to be the boon of nature. She listened to me with rapt attention. She appeared like one awakened from an earthly sleep in fairy land. Oh! Charles, how I enjoyed her delight. Mr. Conway, 'giving



way to the tongue of prejudice, or unfeeling philosophy, has withheld from her most of the works of fancy celebrated for freedom of thought, and depth of sentiment; but as the coach was loaded home with them, I anticipate much pleasure, from the admiration with which I am sure she will peruse them.

Time wasted away the hours with most rapid pinions till they left me, and then my house appeared a desert.

Do you like the name of "Ellen," Charles? It always possessed an attractive simplicity in my eyes (or ears, which you will) you know 'twas the name I bestowed upon the Vision of Imagination, to which my youthful muse paid her earliest devoirs. Mr. Conway and Ellen have been absent from home the whole of to-day, consequently I have not seen them. I shall to-morrow,— But oh!

"With what a leaden and retarding weight,  
Does expectation load the wing of time."

Farewell.

HENRY M——,

#### LETTER IX.

TO CHARLES D——, ESQ.

M—— Park.

So my dear friend you are almost enamoured of Blackstone and Coke upon Lyttleton? Well Charles, may your patron goddess, Astrea, lead you to the summit of your wishes; for me, my ample fortune and indolent disposition, prevent my taking an active part in public life, and I shall rest satisfied with the occupation and name of a country gentleman. But there is more in this character, if properly filled, than is generally imagined. I do not intend to set an example of frugality and industry to my neighbours, and like Cato the Censor, till my estate with my own hands, nor will you, when (as you have promised)

in the next vacation, you visit me, find me, as the ambassadors of the Samnites found Dentatus, 'in my chimney corner dressing turnips;' but I will endeavour to prove it possible to blend the elegances of life, with the enjoyments of literary leisure, and country pleasures. But, Charles, Adam, even in Paradise, found "it was not good for man to be alone;" therefore, unless I procure *the Eve*, the very foundation of my plan of future happiness is destroyed.

Yesterday was Ellen's birth-day, and an entertainment was given to most of the neighbouring gentry, by Mr. Conway. Wishing to be first in my congratulations, I went to the Parsonage, rather earlier perhaps than ceremony warranted. Finding the drawing-room vacant, I went out at one of its doors which opens to the lawn. Proceeding through the grounds, I caught a glimpse of a white robe through the trees, and on approaching nearer, found it was Ellen, seated on a little rustic bench reading (at least with a book in her hand) for "with eye upraised, as one inspired," she appeared reflecting on and enjoying what she had read. I stood a minute contemplating her, unseen; till casting down her eyes again towards her book, she perceived the intruder. A blush of surprise crossed her cheek, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Sir Henry! how much I am obliged to you, how grateful ought I to be to you!"—"And how," said I, seating myself beside her, "have I been so fortunate, *ma douce amie*, as to excite your gratitude?"—"How!" she replied, in her energetic manner, "How! why have you not introduced me to Ossian?" Though reared in the lap of refinement, though arts has used all her powers to adorn and modify this lovely being, still there is at times a *naïf* originality, an unrepressed warmth, which characterises her words and actions, which to me is irresistibly charming, and wins much more than the studied and measured speeches of common-place polite conversation. "And to what part of my old friend Ossian am I indebted for this sweet acknowledgment," said I. "This," said she, resuming her book, and reading the passage again, which had raised her admi-

ration; 'twas the reply of Orthona to Gaul:—"Car-borne, Chief of Strumon," replied the sighing maid, "why comest thou over the dark blue wave to Nuath's mournful daughter? Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strews its withered leaves on the blast? Why didst thou come, oh Gaul! to hear my departing sigh? I pass away in my youth; and my name shall not be heard. Or it will be heard with sorrow, and the tears of Nuath will fall. *Thou* wilt be sad, son of Morni, for the fallen fame of Orthona. But she shall sleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner. Why didst thou come, Chief of Strumon, to the sea-beat rocks of Tromathon."

Wonder not, laugh not, Charles, at my transcribing a passage, which was before familiar to me, and which her manner of reading has indelibly fixed in my memory. *Manner of reading!* Why, the words our curate utters from the pulpit he is said to *read*, and can the silver sounds which proceed from the mouth of Ellen, and his half-intelligible sentences be classed in the same art? Her voice trembled as she proceeded—a pearly tear stole from its lovely prison—I was nearly as much affected as she was. "This will not do," said she, wiping the intruder away with her handkerchief, "this Ossian makes a child of me; we must rouse from this joy of grief;" and she sprang away with the steps of a fairy towards the house, and ere I could overtake her, she was seated at her piano, and with the utmost gaieté de cœur, was playing such an air, and warbling such notes, as banishes the power of melancholy, and called the spirit of mirth laughing from the cave of echo.—So strange, so varied, are the charms of this "inexpressive she." To the endeavours of any other female to please, I can reply with a compliment; but when Ellen either sings or plays, or indeed exerts her powers in any way, I am as dumb as a fakir who has sworn to be so, and 'tis only with my eyes I can tell her how I am delighted. A smile and a blush though at times tell me this silent sort of admiration is understood and felt.



The company arrived, and the "communion of souls," which we had enjoyed with Ossian and the music, was obliged to give place to ceremony, form, and politeness. Ellen's dress is usually pleasing, elegant, and yet neat, light, but not immodest, and she was dressed on this occasion with extraordinary taste; not that I can describe to you what she wore "whom every thing becomes."

How different was the manner in which this day was spent to others I have enjoyed at the Parsonage; by the bye you must not attach the idea of a small house to the name of "Parsonage;" the living was in the gift of Ellen's father, and he built his brother-in-law a noble residence previous to presenting it to him.

Conceive, Charles, a party of plain country gentlemen (I don't mean to depreciate the character, I am only drawing a comparison) with their wives (fine ladies, or would-be fine ladies) and their daughters (pert, uneducated misses) to associate with Ellen Morland six or seven hours; for Mr. Conway's wine being so good the gentlemen did not hurry themselves. The ladies appeared under a kind of restraint, which Ellen, by her kind and agreeable manner, in vain endeavoured entirely to dissipate. But to let candour peep through the veil of partiality, there were some very pleasant women among them; though, for the most part, I believe they were not sorry when the time for their departure came, and they were driven to their homes and habitual enjoyments. I have been thinking, can these enjoyments possess the sweetness of Ellen's?—not the excessive degree; nor have their sorrows the bitterness of her grief, whenever she may endure it; their phlegmatic feelings may perhaps, though, be more enviable than hers. Envable! cold-blooded thought! still will I adore thee "dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that is precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows; thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw; and 'tis thou who liftest him up to heaven."

Ere I came away, I slipt a little birth-day address between the pages of the Ossian, which was left in the library window. Do you recollect Marmontel's Alcibiades, who



was resolved to be loved for *himself*? I am almost as romantic as he; I am resolved to be certain I am beloved before I confess my own passion; 'tis a point one should be careful about. Before a man leaps into the very bed of matrimony, he should be certain that no thorns are concealed beneath the glowing flowers. Thorns indeed! and sharp ones too, to marry, and then find yourself not beloved.

Adieu, Charles, yours sincerely,

HENRY M——.

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#### ANECDOTE OF PETER THE GREAT.

PETER THE GREAT was one day questioning some of his ministers, returned from their mission at foreign courts, relative to the progress of the young gentlemen he had sent abroad for education, to the different countries of Europe, and seemed highly pleased with the favourable accounts given of them, when the conversation was suddenly interrupted by de Costa, one of the jesters, vociferating from a corner of the room, "Peter, you are a fool." This abrupt and singular salutation, drew the emperor's attention, who declared that if de Costa could not make good his assertion, he should be tossed in a blanket immediately; and called on him therefore to begin. The jester, by no means disconcerted, advanced gravely to the middle of the room, where there always stood a round table, covered with red cloth, containing implements of writing; and taking a sheet of fine paper, doubled it, and, after drawing the ivory cutter hard over the ply, bid Peter try to take it out.

The emperor, with much good humour, set about the task assigned him by the jester; but after working some time, was obliged to confess himself unable to effect it. "Then," says de Costa, "I hope you now avow yourself the fool, and not me; so let us change places, for I must be emperor in my turn." However, Peter declared that he still did neither understand his claim, nor allegory; and

he must explain, or cut capers in the air. "Then," says de Costa, "the moral and meaning of my folded paper is this: You send young men abroad, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, to acquire foreign instruction and manners, to civilize your empire; but they have already taken a ply at home, like my paper, which can never be taken out; so that if you wish, O Czar! to do the work effectually, send children abroad for instruction, who are still without impressions of any kind, and they will facilitate thy labours."

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### *Cabinet of Fashion,*

#### WITH ELEGANTLY COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—Full dress. A round robe of rose-coloured crape, with full Turkish long sleeve and Roman bodice, worn over an under-dress of white satin; a round tucker of Paris net, edged with cuffs to correspond; broach and clasp of pale topaz; neck chain and cross of the same. Head dress in the eastern style, composed of the hair in curls and ringlets, confined in a caul of silver net, fastened with a Chinese pin at the back of the head, and in front with a knot of brilliants; white satin shoes, with silver clasps; gloves of French kid; scarf of French lace.

Fig. 2.—A round French robe, with bishop sleeves of fine muslin, ornamented at the feet and wrists with a crescent border of needle-work; a short Roman coat, of green sarcel, without sleeves, cut low round the bosom, and trimmed with a fall of lace, ornamented round the bottom and up the front, with a crescent border corresponding with the robe, in shaded chenille; a mountain hat, composed of the same materials, and ornamented with white crape; a foundling cap of crape, with a flower in front; half boots of buff kid; parasol of crimson velvet; ridicule, same colour; Limerick gloves.

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*Sando. sc.*

*London Dresses for November.*

*Published by Verner Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Nov. 1881.*





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THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

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LINES

ON PARTING WITH SCENES OF PAST HAPPINESS.

SCENES of my youth! ah, must I quit for ever  
Each woodland haunt, each flow'r-enamell'd plain!  
Ye happy hours! say shall this bosom never  
Taste the pure rapture of your charms again?  
Swift as the passing murmurs of the wind  
Ye fled—and leave but vain regrets behind!

These deep drawn sighs, my mournful bosom rending,  
Seem'd to presage your flatt'ring prospects o'er;  
And grief's warm tide, in many a gush descending,  
Tells my sad heart, we meet alas! no more:  
Tells ye have vanish'd like some faithless dream,  
Or snows quick fading in the solar beam!

Thou storm-scath'd oak! whose giant-bulk entwining,  
The creeping ivy softly steals around;  
No more upon thy knotty base reclining,  
My list'ning ear shall drink the curfew's sound;  
No more its deep, and melancholy toll  
Shall wake the pensive musings of my soul!

Ye hills and dales! with many a copse abounding,  
Where callow broods would tempt the spoiler's way;  
Amid whose shades and awful glooms surrounding  
My wand'ring feet delighted wont to stray;  
Oft shall fond mem'ry pause awhile to dwell  
On all your charms my fancy lov'd so well!

Yet ah ! no more, the Syrian heats prevailing,  
Shut from the fervours of the noon-day sun ;  
Pleas'd I shall watch the bee your sweets inhaling,  
Till the bright orb's meridian race is run :  
And, as my eyes her busy labours scan,  
Pore on the truths the lesson teaches man !

Nor, when the west reflects a crimson splendour  
Rove your brown woods and tangled brakes among ;  
Catching the strains so sweetly wild and tender,  
Of warbling birds that tune their vesper song.  
Ye tender strains that to the breezes swell,  
Ye warbling birds, a long, a last farewell !

Farewell, pure stream ! through mossy margins gliding,  
Where oft the swift-wing'd swallow loves to lave,  
Where the slow herd, thy limpid course dividing,  
Bow their meek heads to taste the chrystal wave :  
No more shall I, along my moonlight way,  
Watch the pale beams upon thy surface play !

Dear native scenes ! farewell, alas ! for ever—  
Farewell each copse, each verdure-smiling plain ;  
Snatch'd from your view, this weeping breast shall never  
Taste the pure rapture of your charms again !  
Ah ! can I quit your lovely haunts so dear,  
Without one sigh, without one sorrowing tear ?

Stern is the breast and cold—that, proudly swelling,  
Could bear, unmov'd, from scenes like these to part ;  
There pall'd indifference rears her icy dwelling,  
And chills the genial current of the heart !  
Small is the bliss *that* niggard soul can know,  
Which virtuous feeling never taught to glow !

Once more adieu ! fair scenes of infant pleasure,  
Alas ! how short life's fleeting prime appears !  
*But late* ye bloom'd my *childhood's* early treasure,  
*Now* form the solace of my *ripen'd years* !  
So the false meteor burst with sudden glare,  
Shoots its long blaze and strait resolves to air



From your lov'd haunts, with pensive step receding,  
Round as I cast full many a ling'ring view ;  
Thoughtful and sad—the village gaze unheeding,  
My falt'ring tongue oft murmurs out " adieu."  
And as the prospect fades upon my eye,  
My full heart heave with many a plaintive sigh!

Oct. 5, 1811.

ALPHONSO.

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*TO AGNES.*

THEN not unheeded was the careless strain,  
My pensive fancy from her wakeful tongue,  
Pour'd to the silent evening ; nor in vain  
The muse was courted, and my lays were sung—  
For thou hast mark'd the numbers as they stole  
Wild on the gale ; and with responsive tear,  
That spoke the feelings of a kindred soul,  
Didst woo their murmurs to thy list'ning ear.  
But ah, fair minstrel ! thine the sweeter song,  
Thy tuneful notes in softer cadence run ;  
And while with glowing cheek I trace along,  
Thy magic verse, I pause—to think that one,  
Blest with a lyre so ravishing as thine  
Should sweep its music in the praise of mine!

Oct. 1811.

OSCAR.

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*SIMILE.*

PROUD of its pow'rs, with health and vigour bless'd,  
The new fledg'd sky-lark quits its lowly nest,  
Flits through the windings of its native grove,  
And swells its throat with dulcet strains of love.  
Taught by its sire it carols through the day,  
Till full perfection crowns its youthful lay ;  
Then mounting high it floats on boyant air,  
And with a grateful song repays the parent's care.

So soars the genius of a self-taught bard,  
Whom earth born cares nor pen'ry can retard ;  
Upborne on fancy's air-commanding wings,  
From sphere to sphere the restless spirit springs :  
Enwrapt in clouds she views her god-like sire,  
And tunes her viol to his spheric lyre ;  
Fraught with a lay she quits the high abode,  
And pays, in pæans sweet, a tribute to her god.

A. KYNE.

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TO LOUISA.

THE sweetest scented flow'r that blows,  
The odour-breathing, blushing rose ;  
On yon lone wild may bud and bloom  
And cast around its sweet perfume.  
With beauty's charming matchless grace,  
Tempt the fond zephyr's rapt embrace.  
Yet, ah ! in vain the short-liv'd flow'r  
But triumph's o'er a transient hour ;  
But blooms to fade and perish in the tomb,  
That nature mourns, as nature's gen'ral doom.

Not so, Lousia, much lov'd maid !  
Thy charms shall bloom when roses fade ;  
When roses sweet neglected lie,  
And blush unseen, and droop, and die ;  
And still thy beauties I'll revere,  
By virtue render'd doubly dear ;  
For virtue bright, with beauty rare,  
Is held a prize beyond compare.  
And though consign'd at last to death's cold tomb,  
Still shall thy living virtues pierce time's inmost gloom.

Aug. 17, 1811.

SINCERITAS.

## SONNET.

GREAT is the need of consolation's voice,  
 To cheer the abject wand'rer on his way ;  
 To lull each pang ; and bid the heart rejoice,  
 Ere clouds of sorrow dim life's last bright ray,  
 For not, oh, man ! to crown thy transient day,  
 Is much lov'd happiness for certain giv'n ;  
 On earth 'twere vain to court the length'ned stay,  
 Of her, whose native dwelling is in heav'n.  
 Sweet consolation ! when before thy throne,  
 The suppliant bends to crave thy healing balm,  
 With kind complaisance for his woes atone,  
 And e'en sad sorrow of her sting disarm.  
 Stem the strong tide, and check the boist'rous billow,  
 And smooth the roughness of his thorny pillow  
*Whitfield-Street.* REUBEN.

## SONNET.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

HAIL, friendship sweet ! calm soother of my breast,  
 Thou loveliest virtue that endears mankind ;  
 With thee each tear, or struggling sigh's repress,  
 Thou crown'st with lasting bliss the social mind.  
 At thy auspicious shrine affliction bends,  
 Its weight of sorrow in thy bosom pours,  
 Thy genial rays thy influence extends,  
 When o'er the scene misfortune's tempest lours.  
 Sweet nymph, array'd in constancy and truth,  
 Nor time nor space thy influence abate ;  
 Calm age's soother, fond delight of youth ;  
 And poverty with thee smiles 'round elate.  
 Far, far remov'd from envy and disdain,  
 But peace and virtue deck thy happy reign.

N. T.



## EPIGRAM.

'TIS true, what Mary said, pert slut,  
When innocent and young;  
With patience, though in pain, I cut  
My teeth, in vigour strong.

Yet, sad the change for hapless Joan,  
Such is stern fate's decree;  
In turn now old and helpless grown,  
My teeth have all cut *me*!

HANNAH CAMPION.

## SOLUTION

OF THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.  
Car-nation.

## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor has not got the MSS. of Ullah, &c., if the Author has not received them, he is afraid they have been mislaid. His request to have the initial put to his articles, shall be duly attended to. With respect to his last wish, in his letter, it remains with the Proprietors to decide upon it.

Observer's present communication we cannot insert, it appears too close a copy of the Devil upon Two Sticks. The Editor admires the following passage in it:—"Observe, in a house opposite, that man surrounded with books and papers, he is an Editor of a magazine, most cordially cursing some of his Correspondents for not paying the postage of their *favours*".

The Elegy in dialogue will not suit us, we have returned it to the Publishers.

The Gossipper, Oscar, N. T., &c. shall be strictly attended to.





*Painted by J.C. Engraved by Hopwood.*

*Mrs. Mountain.*

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